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THE QUEEN OF AUTUMN.

WHEN the murky fogs and surly blasts of November are with us, the Chrysanthemum, Queen of Autumn, unfolds her beauteous flowers. The Rose, Queen of Summer, is faded and gone: her beauty and fragrance are now only memories; and with her nearly all the other floral children of our gardens are gone to rest, carefully shielded from winter's pointed fury. But the chrysanthemum, with her wondrous diversity of form and colour, still remains to gladden our hearts and brighten the dull days which link autumn to winter. She may be a child of other lands, but we have taken her to our hearts and homes, and crowned her queen of our autumnal flowers. No flower has excited so much enthusiasm or received so much admiring attention within recent years, and no other plant gives to the hand that tends it such liberal return in number and beauty of flowers. An eloquent writer has well said that, 'in power of expression, distinctness of character, in forms of beauty no less cheering to the heart than delightful to the eye, a beauty that is unique and the embodiment of the highest harmonies of plastic form, the chrysanthemum surpasses all other flowers, not even the rose, the tulip, or the dahlia being excepted.'

The chrysanthemum belongs to the very extensive and world-wide natural order, Compositæ or Daisy flowers. In its cultivated form it originated at a very remote period. The evidence we possess points to the existence, in the Chinese empire, of cultivated varieties for at least two thousand five hundred years. The progenitor of these varieties was very probably '*Chrysanthemum indicum*,' a species indigenous to China, Corea, and Japan. The flower of this species is small, single, and of a yellow colour. Some authorities, however, hold that there is also something of the wild species '*C. morifolium*' in them. Still, it is remarkable that the little species '*C. indicum*' is continually reproduced from seeds saved from blooms of the finest form and highest culture. This tendency to revert to

first forms (ativism) is observed in many other cultivated plants, and the fact of '*C. indicum*' being so frequently found among seedlings is a very strong argument in favour of the opinion that it is really the progenitor of all the garden varieties.

The earliest literary reference to the chrysanthemum we find in the '*Li-Ki*' of Confucius, written about 500 B.C. The Chinese value it very highly, and no other flower is so conspicuous in their gardens and homes. It is their national flower, and is to them an emblem of everything that is graceful and beautiful. They grow it to a high state of cultivation, tending it with their well-known untiring patience, and often train it into the most fantastic shapes, such as horses, stags, pagodas, boats, &c. Their poets never tire of singing its praises, nor their painters of depicting its graces. In the Franks Collection of Chinese ware, in the British Museum, many beautiful and interesting articles of porcelain may be seen decorated with it. The oldest piece in this fine collection is a dish ornamented in an archaic style with chrysanthemum flowers bearing the mark of the period '*Seuen-tih*,' which is equivalent to the decade 1426-36 in our era. Mr Fortune, in an account of his travels in China, tells us of the grandeur of the Chinese gardens, and the prominent place the chrysanthemum holds in them. He says that at night, during the autumn and early winter, it is a common sight to see in the gardens of the wealthy banks of magnificent blooms illuminated with lanterns. He also relates that he saw life-sized effigies of various national heroes constructed of the flowers.

The chrysanthemum is also a great favourite of the Japanese, who seem to have procured it from the Chinese at a very early date. Having ideals of beauty somewhat dissimilar to those of the Chinese, they have selected different forms of the many varieties which the plant produces. The Kiku, as they call it, has been chosen as the crest of the present imperial family, and is used on the official seal. Their highest national

decoration is that of the Imperial Order of the Chrysanthemum, which was founded in 1876. It may be remembered that, about four years ago, the Mikado, to express his regard for this country, sent a special ambassador to invest the Prince of Wales with the Star and Collar of the Order.

On Japanese pottery, lacquer-work, and textile fabrics, the Kiku is very often depicted, but generally in a conventionalised form. On their ornamental bronze-work, and on the plaques and vases for which they are famous, there are some beautiful examples of the flower. The ninth month of the Japanese year, during which the chrysanthemum is in full bloom, is called 'Kikudzuki.' On the ninth day of this month, one of the chief fêtes of the nation, the Festival of Happiness, is held, and in its celebration the Autumn Queen is largely employed as the emblem of joy. Some of the finest varieties we now possess have been procured from them, and contain the result of their gardening skill and care, throughout hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. In the autumn of last year the floral world was astonished by the flowering for the first time in this country of the unique variety, 'Mrs Alpheus Hardy.' This wonderful variety has large globular flowers of the purest white. In form it is not unlike some kinds we have got from the Chinese; but it has one distinct and marvellous feature—the under sides of the florets are thickly studded with long silky hairs, which give the flowers a light and extremely beautiful appearance. It is a distinct form, and is no doubt the first of many similar treasures in store for lovers of the chrysanthemum.

'Avalanche,' pure white, and 'Edwin Molyneux,' chestnut crimson, are other very fine Japanese varieties.

We find in the works of botanical and horticultural writers a few evidences of the existence of the chrysanthemum in Europe as far back as the year 1689, but there is nothing definite till the year 1789. In that year, so eventful in the history of France, M. Blancard, a native of Marseilles, brought to that city from the East three varieties. Two of them, however, soon died. The plant which survived was subsequently known as 'Old Purple.' In 1790 a few plants of it were sent to the British gardens at Kew. Hence the present year is the centennial year of the introduction of the chrysanthemum into Britain.

Improvements were made during the next few years, and other varieties were imported from China. In 1824 we find that about thirty varieties were growing in the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Chiswick, and in 1826 the number had increased to fifty. The Society distributed plants and cuttings of these varieties to the florists in and around London; thus the plant became widely known, and soon took a high place in public estimation. Societies for the encouragement of its culture were rapidly formed throughout the country, and year after year the number of chrysanthemum shows in the closing days of autumn have steadily increased. In the present year there are about four hundred such societies in the country, the membership of which is little short of one hundred thousand; and the displays made by

them in November are among the most delightful of all the floral exhibitions of the year.

The lovely goddess Flora has more worshippers to-day than at any other period of our country's history. Her altars are raised in every corner of the land, alike in the cottage garden, the villa porch, and the marble-floored conservatory of the mansion; and among her gifts to us none is more cherished than the chrysanthemum. All tastes find in its blossoms something to gratify. The artist has the fringed, tasselled, and frilled forms, with their glistening florets, to satisfy his ideals of beauty; the botanist finds much of interest in its structural peculiarities and variations; the florist has the formal Incurved, Anemone, and Pompon varieties, with their circles and half-globes, to please him; the aesthete has the beautiful single flowers with their simple grace to transport him; and he who loves gardening for the refreshment of spirit and healthy occupation it affords has in it a plant easily grown, and which gives a wealth of beautiful flowers to reward his pleasant labours. Its blossoms unfold at a season when other flowers are few—a season perhaps tinged with the sad memory of sunny hours now past, and the present prospect of skies chill and drear. But, as they unfold and fade, do they not point us in hope to the time, not far distant, when the earth shall once more hear the voice of spring, and 'flourish green again?'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XLIII.—CONCLUSION.

I HAVE kept you long at sea. With my escape in the barque from Captain Braine's island in company with my shipmate Louise, the story of my adventure—the narrative, indeed, of the romance of the wreck—virtually ends. Yet you will wish to see Miss Temple safely home; you will desire to know whether I married her or not; you will also want to know the latest news of the people of the *Countess Ida*, to learn the fate of the Honourable Mr Colledge, of the crew of the *Magicienne's* cutter, and of the carpenter Lush and his merry gold-hunting men. All may be told in the brief limits of a chapter.

For five days Wetherly and Miss Temple and myself navigated the barque without assistance. The struggle, indeed, would have been a desperate one for us but for the weather.

It was on the afternoon of the fifth day that we fell in with a Peruvian man-of-war brig. She backed her topsail and sent a boat. The young officer in command spoke French very fluently, and Miss Temple and I between us were able to make him understand our story. He returned to his ship to report what I had said, and presently came back with a couple of Irish seamen, to whose services to help us to carry the barque to Valparaiso we were, he said, very welcome. The Peruvian brig was bound on a cruise amongst the islands, and I earnestly entreated the officer to request his commander to head first of all for the reef upon which I had left Lush and his men, that they might be taken off, if they had not recovered their boat.

Down to this point, the three of us in one fashion and another had managed so fairly well, that the acquisition of the two Irish seamen communicated to me a sense as of being in command of a very tolerable ship's company. Miss Temple and I could now enjoy some little leisure apart from a routine that had been harassing with its vexatious and incessant demands upon our vigilance. Night after night descended upon us in beauty. There was scarcely, indeed, a condition of this tender tropic passage to Valparaiso that was not favourable to sentiment. Yet my pride rendered it an obligation upon me that before I spoke my love I must make sure of the girl's own feelings towards me. I watched her with an impassioned eye; I listened to every word that fell from her lips with an ear eager to penetrate to the spirit of her meaning; a smile that seemed in the least degree ambiguous would keep me musing for a whole watch together. Then I would inquire whether I could in honour ask her to be my wife until my protection and care for her had ceased, and she stood to me in the position she had occupied when we had first met aboard the Indianan. But to this very fine question of conscience I would respond with the consideration that if I did not ask her now, I must continue in a distracting state of suspense and anxiety for many weeks, running, indeed, into months—that is to say, until we should reach home; that she might misconstrue my reserve, and attribute it to indifference; that to make her understand why I did not speak would involve the declaration that my honour was supposed to regard as objectionable.

But all this self-parleying simply signified that I was waiting to make sure of her answer before addressing her. In one quarter of an hour one fine night, with a high moon riding over the topsail yardarm and the breeze bringing an elfin-like sound of delicate singing out of the rigging, it was settled! A glance from her, a moment of speaking silence, brought my love to my lips, and standing with her hand in mine in the shadow of a wing of sail curving past the main-rigging, with the brook-like voice of running waters rising, I asked her to be my wife.

There was hesitation without reluctance, a manner of mingled doubt and delight. I had won her heart; and her hand must follow; but her mother, her dearest mother! Her consent must be obtained; and from what she said in disjointed sentences, with earnest anxiety to say nothing that might give me pain, with a voice that trembled with the emotions of gratitude and affection, I gathered that Lady Temple's matrimonial schemes for her daughter soared very considerably above the degree of a commoner.

But Louise, I have your love?

'Yes, yes, yes! my love, my gratitude, and my admiration.'

'And you need but your mother's consent to marry me?'

'Yes, and she will consent. This long association—this astonishing adventure'—

'Ay, but there is no obligation of marriage in that. I have your love, and your mother will consent because you love me?'

She fixed her eyes on my face, and by the haze of moonlight floating off the sand-white planks into the shadow in which we stood, I

saw such meaning in them that the sole sequel of my interpretation of it must be to put my lips to hers.

But enough of this. It all happened so many years ago now, that I am astonished by my memory that enables me to put down even so much of this little passage of my experiences with Louise as I have written.

After days of delightful weather and prosperous winds, we came to an anchor at Valparaiso. I at once waited upon the British consul, related my story, delivered over the ship, and was treated by him with the utmost courtesy, consideration, and hospitality. A large English vessel was sailing for Liverpool eight days after the date of our arrival. I inspected her, and promptly took berths for myself and Miss Temple; and the rest of the time we spent in providing ourselves with the necessary outfit for another long voyage. The consul informed me that the deposition I made as to the *Lady Blanche* would suffice in respect of the legal manœuvring that would have to follow, and that I was at liberty to sail whenever I chose. I empowered him to hand over any salvage money that might come to me to Wetherly, whom I also requested to call upon me when he should arrive in England, that I might suitably reward him for the very honest discharge of his duties from the time of our leaving the island in the barque.

I will not pretend that our passage home was uneventful. Out of it might readily be spun another considerable narrative; but here I may but glance at it. The ship was named the *Greyhound*. There went with her a number of passengers, Spanish and English, who, thanks, I suppose, to the gossip of the British consul and his wife and family, were perfectly informed of every article of our story, and in consequence made a very great deal of us—of Miss Temple in particular.

Our being incessantly together from the hour of our sailing down to the hour of our arrival strengthened her love for me, and her passion became a pure and unaffected sentiment. But I could not satisfy myself that she loved me, or that, subject to her mother's approval, she would have consented to marry me, but for our extraordinary experiences, that had coupled us together in an intimacy which most people might consider matrimony must confirm for her sake if not for mine.

But if that had ever been her mood—she never would own it—it ripened during this voyage into a love that the most wretchedly sensitive heart could not have mistaken. And now it remained to be seen what reception Lady Temple would accord me. She would be all gratitude, of course; she would be transported with the sight and safety of her daughter; but ambition might presently dominate all effusion of thankfulness, and she would quite fail to see any particular obligation on her daughter's part to marry merely because we had been shipmates together in a series of incredible adventures.

But all conjecture was abruptly ended on our arrival by the news of Lady Temple's death. A stroke of paralysis had carried her off. The attack was charged to her fretting for her daughter, of whose abandonment upon the wreck she had received the news from no less a person

than the Honourable Mr Colledge. Let me briefly describe how this had come about.

When the cutter containing Mr Colledge and the men of the *Magicienne* had lost sight of the wreck in the sudden vapour that had boiled down over it, the fellows, having lost their lieutenant and being without a head, hurriedly agreed to pull dead away before the wind in the direction of the Indiaman, not doubting that she would be lying hove-to, and that they must strike her situation near enough to disclose the huge loom of her amidst the fog. They missed her, and then, not knowing what else to do, they lashed their oars into a bundle and rode to it. It was hard upon sunset when a great shadow came surging up out of the fog close aboard of them. It was the corvette under reefed topsails. The cutter was within an ace of being run down. Her crew roared at the top of their pipes, and they were heard; but a few moments later the *Magicienne* had melted out again upon the flying thickness. The boat, however, had been seen, and her bearings accurately taken; and twenty minutes later, the corvette again came surging to the spot where the cutter lay. Scores of eyes gazed over the ship-of-war's head and bulwarks in a thirsty, piercing lookout. The end of a line was flung, the boat dragged alongside, and in a few minutes all were safe on board. Colledge related the story of the adventure to his cousin—how the lieutenant had fallen overboard and was drowned, as he believed; how Miss Temple and I were left upon the wreck, and were yet there. But the blackness of a densely foggy night was now upon the sea; it was also blowing hard, and nothing could be done till the weather cleared and the day broke.

That nothing was done, you know. When the horizon was penetrable, keen eyes were despatched to the mastsheads; but whether it was that the light wreck had drifted to a degree entirely out of the calculations of Sir Edward Panton, or that his own drift during the long, black, blowing hours misled him, no sign of us rewarded his search. For two days he gallantly stuck to those waters, then abandoned the hunt as a hopeless one, and proceeded on his voyage to England.

Mr Colledge on his arrival immediately thought it his duty to write what he could tell of the fate of Miss Temple to Lady Temple's brother, General Ashmole. The General was a little in a hurry to communicate with poor Lady Temple. His activity as a bearer of ill tidings might perhaps have found additional animation in the knowledge that if Miss Temple were dead, then the next of her kinsfolk to whom her ladyship must leave the bulk of her property would be the General and his four charming daughters. Be this as it will, the news proved fatal to Lady Temple.

The shock was a terrible one to Louise. Again and again she had said to me that if the news of her having been lost out of the Indiaman reached her mother before she arrived home, it would kill her. And now she found her prediction verified! But if her ladyship's death cleared the road for me in one way, it temporarily blocked it for me in another by enforcing delay. Louise must not now marry for a year. No; anything less than a year was out of the question. It would be an insult to the memory of an adored parent even

to think of happiness under a twelvemonth. I resigned myself in silence to the affliction of waiting, leaving it to time to unsettle her resolution. She had many relatives, and she went from house to house; but I was never very far off. Our being together in constant close association from morning till night, almost as much alone as ever we had been when on the wreck, what with delightful drives, delicious hand-in-hand rambles, ended in rendering me mighty impatient, and impatience is usually importunate. I grew pressing, and one day she consented to our being married at the expiration of a fortnight.

It was much too plain a wedding for such a heroine as our adventures had made Louise, but it was her own choosing. A few intimate friends of my own family, two poor but exceedingly lady-like and well-bred cousins of her own, the vicar who joined our hands, and his homely agreeable wife—these formed the company.

'We have started on another voyage now,' I whispered as we passed out of the church.

'There must be no wrecks in it!' she answered.

And for years, I thank God, it was all summer sailing with us; but I am old now, and alone. . . .

In those times, the round voyage to India averaged a twelvemonth, and I was unable to obtain news of the *Countess Ida* until the August that had followed the June of our arrival at Liverpool in the *Greyhound*. I was in London when I heard of the Indiaman as having been reported off Deal. In the course of a few days I despatched a note to old Keeling, addressed to the East India Docks, asking him to come and dine with me, that I might tell him of my adventures, and learn what efforts he had made to recover us from the wreck. He arrived in full shore-going fig, with the old familiar skewered look, in the long, tightly buttoned-up coat, and the tall cravat and stiff collars, in which his sun-reddened face rested like a ball in a cup.

He was heartily glad to see me, and continued to shake my hand until my arm ached again. Of my story he had known nothing; for the first time he was now hearing it.

He had little to tell me, however, that was very interesting. He had been blown away from the neighbourhood of the wreck; and though, when the weather cleared, he had luffed up to the spot where he believed she was to be found, he could see nothing of her. Mr Prance was looking at the hull through his glass when the smother came driving down upon her, and saw the cutter shove off; and he believed that Miss Temple and I were in her. He had no time to make sure, for the vapour swiftly blotted the boat out of sight.

The disaster that had befallen us, he said, had cast a heavy gloom over the ship, and it was heightened by Mrs Radcliffe's serious illness, due to the poignant wretchedness caused her by the loss of her niece. However, by the time the vessel was up with the Cape, Mrs Radcliffe had recovered; and when Keeling last saw her, she seemed as hopeful as she was before despairful of her niece being yet accounted for.

When I left Lush and the sailors of the *Lady Blanche* upon the reef, I had little thought of ever hearing of them again. I knew the nature

of sailors. If they came off with their lives, I might be sure they would disperse and utterly vanish. Great was my surprise, then, one morning some months after my marriage, to find, on opening my newspaper, a column-long account of the trial of a seaman named Lush for the murder of a man named Woodward. The evidence was substantially my story with a sequel to it. The witnesses against Lush were three of the seamen of the *Lady Blanche*. The counsel for the prosecution related the adventures of the barque down to the time of my swimming off to her and sailing away with her. The boat had been in charge of the man Woodward when I detached the line to let her slip away. He had fallen into a deep sleep, overcome by fatigue and drink. The yells and roaring of the crew, one of whom had started up and observed the boat drifting out, had aroused the sleeper after the uproar had been some time continued. He was thick and stupid, went clumsily to work to scull the heavy boat ashore, and was a long time in doing it. The carpenter dragged him on to the beach and asked him if he had fallen asleep. The unfortunate wretch answered yes; the carpenter struck him fiercely; Woodward returned the blow; and, mad with rage, Lush whipped out his sheath-knife and stabbed the man to the heart.

By this time the barque had almost faded out in the gloom of the night. Pursuit was not to be thought of. They waited all daylight; but instead of putting their remaining provisions and water in the boat and heading away in search of land or a passing ship, the fools fell to digging afresh; and it was not until their little stock of water was almost gone that, being satisfied that there was no gold in that part of the shore where Captain Braine had said it lay hidden, they put to sea.

They were several days afloat before they, or at least the survivors, were rescued. Their sufferings were not to be expressed. They had been five days without water when picked up. Four of them had died. They were fallen in with by an English brig bound home, to the captain of which one of the sailors, who had been an old 'chum' of Woodward, told the story of the murder of that man by Lush. The skipper, not choosing to have such a ruffian as the carpenter at large in his little ship, clapped him in irons, and kept him under hatches until the arrival of the vessel in the Thames, when he was handed over to the police. The jury found a verdict of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to ten years' transportation.

To this hour I am puzzled by Captain Braine and his island. My wife uniformly believed that the gold was there, and that the poor lunatic had mistaken the bearings of the spot where it lay. My own fancy, however, always inclined to this: that from the circumstance of his having rightly described the island, which he situated on a part of the sea where no reef or land of any sort was laid down on the charts, he had actually been wrecked upon it, and suffered as he had related to me; that by long dwelling upon his terrific experience he had imported certain insane fancies into it out of his unsuspected madness when it grew upon him; until the hallucination of the gold hardened in his poor soul into a con-

viction. Yet I may be wrong; and if so, then there must at this hour be upwards of a hundred and eighty thousand pounds' worth of gold coins lying concealed somewhere in the reef whose latitude and longitude you have.

THE END.

THE ISLAND OF IVIZA.

IN some respects, Iviza is the most interesting island of the small archipelago of the Balearics. The guide-books neglect it, or devote but a paragraph to it. Whether as the cause or effect of this slight, very few travellers of the tourist species set foot on its shores. A single steamer weekly from Alicante touches at the little port of the island for an hour or two, to keep the Ivicenes supplied with the few luxuries they demand of the Europe that is so near to them, and with which, nevertheless, they have so little concern. The one hotel of the island is of the most nondescript and objectionable kind. Its master is confectioner, farmer, and landlord all in one, and a man of so independent a mind that if he conceives a prejudice against the petitioner for accommodation in his house, he is as likely as not to refuse to receive him under his roof. Such a calamity would here be more serious than in most insular communities. As a rule, the islander is a hospitable person. But in Iviza the stranger is not welcomed with open arms; and unless he have a letter or some special and emphatic quality to recommend him to their notice, the Ivicenes will, it is probable, leave him to his own resources, be these ever so scanty.

Only the other day, for instance, the writer, having been fortunate enough to propitiate the Iviza Boniface, found himself one of a motley throng of malcontents whom Fate had brought together in this one little inn. Among the crowd was the President of the High Court of Justice, and a trio of assistant judges, reluctantly holding their periodical assize. Iviza contains not a few famous old families dating from the Spanish conquest, more than six hundred years ago. These live in the great palatial old buildings reared on the castle rock scores of feet above the common smells of the lower town; and the stately escutcheons over their portals still proclaim their importance. The proprietors of these engaging abodes left their lordships the judges to themselves and the tender mercies of the inn. And it did one's heart good to hear, night after night at the common table of this inn, these venerable and learned dispensers of Spanish justice unite in a chorus of maledictions upon all things pertaining to Iviza—from the greasy soup with which the dinner began, to the illiterate prisoners of the place, who felt no shame in the avowal that they did not know their age to a decade or two.

Iviza is the third of the Balearics in size. It is only twenty-one miles long by about ten broad, but with a circumference of about ninety-two miles. The climate is said to be more temperate than that of Majorca, the chief of the group, from which it is distant about forty-five

miles in a south-westerly direction. Statistics also help to show that it is more healthy, the annual death-rate for a term of five years being in Iviza 22.9 per thousand inhabitants; in Majorca, 27.7; and Minorca, 21.3. These figures compare well with the average for Spain itself, 31.3; but they are all beaten by the record of the fourth island of the Balearic group, Formentera, with a mortality of but 13.6 per thousand. Formentera, indeed, seems to be a rock upon which it is difficult to die. An Iviza doctor with whom the writer talked upon the subject was unbounded in praise of it for its salubrity, especially for its remedial properties in chest affections. Unfortunately, it is not conveniently accessible. A periodical smack, and nothing better, keeps it in communication with Iviza, from which it is only five or six miles distant; but, as may be supposed, its two thousand inhabitants retain their old customs and traditions even more strenuously than Iviza herself.

In none of the Balearics is education in a very satisfactory state. It is certainly odd, however, that whereas in the rest of the world the number of illiterate people has a tendency to diminish, here, of late years, it has increased. In 1860, in Iviza and Formentera, there were 21,973 inhabitants who could not read. At the same time, Minorca numbered 27,611, and Majorca 179,075 in the same condition. The statistics in 1877 were 22,303, 24,135, and 187,194 respectively. We may if we please take credit to ourselves that the establishment of Anglo-Saxon traditions and energy in Minorca during our half-century of occupation in some measure explains the great intellectual superiority of this island over its neighbours. The state of things in the lovely island of Majorca is certainly lamentable, and reflects but little praise upon the local administrators. Iviza, as being less in touch with the Continent, has more excuse. Nevertheless, 22,303 illiterates out of a population of 26,312 is certainly large, and justifies the Ivicenes in their somewhat inordinate respect for a man who can write—'un home que sap fer lletre.'

It is no doubt due to their personal distaste for education that the Iviza islanders are in such bad repute, judicially and socially. 'Until quite recently,' says the Archduke Luis Salvador of Austria, whose studies about the Balearics have already become monumental, 'the Mallorquins, and even the sailors and fishermen of Iviza, refused to have intercourse with the peasants of Iviza, even going so far as to compare them with the Moors of Barbary.' The man who drove the present writer to and fro about his native island confirmed this prejudice in an odd manner. After capitulating the various villages of Iviza—S. Eulalia, S. Antonio, S. Juan, S. Nicolo, &c., he observed: 'The villages all saints, and the people all devils.' The casual traveller has, of course, no very adequate opportunity to test the truth of such a charge as this. Certainly, however, the faces of the peasants do not prepossess. They have a heavy sullen look, often an ill-controlled fierceness, which argues them much at the mercy of their passions. The records of the district courts of justice seem to bear this out. It is interesting to note, however, that the increase of crime in Iviza is coincident with the falling-off in education. Further, it is difficult to

get the islanders to bear witness against each other in the courts of justice. It is hard to say whether this reluctance is due to a jealousy of the interference of others in quarrels and feuds they consider personal or domestic, or whether it may be accounted for by fear of the consequences of testifying against others. Probably, both causes operate. The Ivicenes have not the reputation of being so stern in vendetta as the Corsicans and Sardes; but neither are they a people to overlook or forgive an injury.

Of course they are superstitious. An island like theirs is sure to be the home of habits and beliefs long discarded by the bulk of the world. The parish priest is the person upon whom they depend for all the culture and enlightenment they can obtain, and the parish priests of Iviza are notorious for their own lack of culture. The good man is one of themselves, with just enough book-learning to procure his ordination. Being appointed to a parish, he ceases all further cultivation of his mind, and rapidly falls to the level of his parishioners, with whom thenceforward he eats and drinks, sorrows and rejoices, and feasts and fasts upon a footing of equality.

Some of the current superstitions are singular enough to be mentioned. Tuesday is reckoned an unlucky day here, as in Italy, where the saying, 'On Tuesday and on Friday one must neither wed nor travel,' still holds. The harvesting of the almonds and figs which abound in the rich plains of the island must be begun on a Friday; otherwise, insects are sure to take toll of the store. On the other hand, a burial must by no means occur on a Friday, else, ere the year is out, another inhabitant of the village or of the street in the capital where the house of the deceased is built, will be called upon to die. The death of the head of a family, though distressing to the household, is supposed to be not without its advantages. An excellent harvest is confidently expected in the autumn following his demise. 'Why?' it may be asked. Because the deceased will make a point of petitioning the Creator upon His throne to this effect. One sees more cats in the dirty streets of the capital than occasion seems to demand. The reason is that the cat is esteemed a quasi-sacred animal, the slaying of which is sure to be requited by a death, a bad harvest, a love disappointment, or a bankruptcy.

After this, one is surprised to discover so much good sense in the proverbs of the Iviza people. The following would not discredit such wise islanders as the Faroese, a community among whom crime is as rare as in Iviza it abounds: The world teaches more than father and mother. Will works more than power. Who sows in a foreign land reaps no harvest. Better to sweat than groan. God can help more than the devil can hinder. Who sups on wine breakfasts on water.

Besides being remarkable for its criminality, its proverbs, and its superstitions, Iviza may also take credit to itself for a national dance, a weekly newspaper, and national costumes. The last are perhaps the least striking of these several characteristics. Ordinarily, upon six days of the week, there is little to distinguish the inhabitants of Iviza from the Mallorquin

or the Catalan. A 'festa' dress does but clap a broad-brimmed black felt hat upon the head of the man, and attire him in a short black jacket and trousers; while, further, it hangs necklets of gold round the swarthy necks of the ladies, and attires their well-greased locks in silk handkerchiefs of very bright colours. Thus dressed, the sexes meet upon any convenient open space, and rejoice to exercise themselves in the 'llarga' or the 'curta,' as they call their dance, in accordance with the greater or less energy of the movements of the female participant in it. A drum, a flute, and castanets comprise the full orchestral accompaniment, and in default of the other instruments, the castanets may suffice. The weekly paper, a copy of which is before the writer, is out of humour with the national dance and all other relics of insular life in Iviza. It represents the party of progress. The open drains of the capital, the tardiness of the mayor in good works ('Magnifico Señor Alcalde' he is satirically termed), the dust caused by the dancers, and the throng around them at one end of the 'alameda' or public promenade Sunday after Sunday—these and other long-hallowed incidents of life in Iviza all come under its condemnation. Who knows? Perhaps the press will soon be as potent a reformer in this little island as it aspires to be. Lest this should happen, the traveller who does not mind a few hardships may be recommended to visit Iviza with as little delay as possible. The experience is one by no means to be regretted.

HENDRIK SWANEPOEL'S PROMISED LAND.

CHAPTER II.—1866.—A HUNTING-CAMP— AN AFRICAN DIANA.

READER, come with me across the smooth South Atlantic; past green Madeira, rising gem-like from her ocean setting; past towering Tenerife, springing above the clouds; or where the flying-fish leap from glassy waters, that lie idle and listless beneath a too ardent sun; southward past the feverish Niger delta and festering Gold Coast swamps; past the mighty Congo, where it pours its waters to the ocean. Southward, yet a little farther. Eastward now across the dreary sand-dunes of great Namaqualand; northward through Damaraland, with its fierce and treacherous natives; yet farther north, through the fertile country of the Ovampos, rich in grass and grain and millet; past the ancient copper mines of Ondonga, famed for centuries among the tribes. Farther yet, a hundred miles and more, over tall mountains, whose steep sides and broken kloofs, clothed with dense bush and many flowering shrubs, would surely give pause to the most enduring and pertinacious traveller. It is a hard 'trek,' and yet the end of it will amply repay even a year of African toil. Onward still through a grassy terrain, bushy and well timbered, and we find ourselves ascending, and presently emerge upon a mighty tableland of plain, some eighty miles square, and three thousand feet above sea-level. It is the year 1866. The place is in

South Central Africa, situated, if you have a mind to be precise, and will glance at the map of South-west Africa, about one hundred and fifty miles north of Ovampoland.

It is a warm morning—warm, and most still; and yet with the warmth is mingled a 'vigour' (a crisp sparkle in the atmosphere, peculiar to spring-time in the high lands of Southern Africa). Through the calm warm air come occasionally the bark of a wildebeest, the whistling neigh of a zebra, the soft coo of the turtle-dove, the restless cry of some gaudy bird fluttering about the bush. Just upon the extreme southern verge of the mighty plateau is a grassy open glade, girt round about by thick bush. There is a great baobab tree in the centre; and near it rests an object strangely unfamiliar to the surroundings, which, indeed, have never witnessed its like before. There stands a great Cape trek-wagon, and near it are feeding its span of oxen, tended by a native servant.

Near the camp, feeding steadily at the sweet grass, are three horses, all knee-haltered in proper Cape fashion. Beneath the wagon recline half-a-dozen dogs, of various shapes and sizes, ranging from a couple of English foxhounds to a purely unadulterated Kaffir cur. Most of these animals carry seams and scars, evidences of encounter with lion, leopard, and wild-boar, by whom many of their fellows have been slain.

It is a glorious morning. Nature herself seems rejuvenated in these regions. Quantities of flowers spangle the grass, gilding the dark-green bush-veldt. But what is that yellow-tawny mass lying out there in the long grass, just beyond the farthest and now extinct camp-fire? Look closer: it is a dead lion, shot in midnight foray, luckily before it had had time to work mischief among the oxen, which, be sure, were in such a place all securely tied. But having noticed thus much, the eye still wanders in search of the owner of all this hunting-gear. He must be a white man; where is he? The question is soon answered. The wagon-curtain is thrust aside; a handsome, sun-burnt, bearded face appears, and a strong active form, lightly clad in 'pyjamas' and a pair of soft field-shoes, leaps lightly to earth. 'Andries and Inyami, here, take a gun and shove in a cartridge, and come with me to the river. I want you to keep the crocodiles away.—You, Aramap, stay and mind the cattle; I'm going to have a bathe.'

The speaker takes two stout poles from the side of the wagon, and giving one to Inyami, a tall Kaffir, and followed by Andries with the loaded rifle, steps briskly, towel on shoulder, down to the river, sixty yards away. Here there is a clear open space, and a flat piece of rock to dive from.

'How about crocodiles, think you?' says the Englishman.

'Ja, sieur,' replies Andries, a puny, stunted-looking, little Hottentot; 'I think there are some about here; take care.'

'We'll soon frighten them away,' says the master.

The two servants fall to with the poles and splash vigorously. Then the white man strips, and with that absence of splash indicative of a practised swimmer, dives neatly into the deep water. He is in not more than ten seconds, and

emerges safe and refreshed. He is quickly dried and back at the wagon.

Farquhar Murray is a broad-shouldered well-set-up young fellow of five-and-twenty. Standing five feet eleven inches in his shoes, his figure gives you the idea at once of strength and activity. His black-brown hair; handsome brown-gray eyes, whose dark sweeping lashes impart a certain air of tenderness to features otherwise strong and determined; and a short crisp beard and moustache of a rich brown colour, complete the portrait. But there is, further, about the man a certain careless air of well-bred superiority that marks him out a gentleman. Take him all round, Farquhar Murray is an excellent good fellow, cheery, unassuming, brave as the lions he hunts, and determined as a black rhinoceros. Wherever he goes he makes friends, and the wonder is that so popular a man is now to be seen thus solitary and far from civilisation. But the fact is he is so enthusiastic a hunter, and had set his mind so much and so long upon his present trek, and was, when he started, in so desperate a hurry to get under weigh, that he could find at the moment no one to share his wanderings.

Farquhar is the only son of a Scottish officer—Captain James Murray—who, after the Crimean war, sold out, gathered together his small possessions, and emigrated to the Cape. A shrewd business man and a wonderful judge of stock, the Captain, after twelve years in the Eastern Province, found himself, by dint of luck and good judgment, worth fifteen thousand pounds, besides his farm of twenty thousand acres and a quantity of stock. His wife had died soon after Farquhar's birth, some years before the Crimean campaign; and after giving his son a good English education, by sending him for five years to Rugby, he had allowed the lad, at the age of nineteen, to go on an elephant-hunting expedition to the Zambesi. Always from his earliest youth a keen sportsman Farquhar had positively revelled in the life, and from that time became a confirmed interior hunter. With intervals of rest with his father, he had made trip after trip to the Bechuana and Matabele countries; and load after load of ivory, amassed with infinite toil and trek, had he brought into Grahamstown market. But one day in 1864, arriving in Grahamstown after ten months' absence, the young man had learned with real grief of the death of his father. Sorely bereaved—for he had loved the old man dearly—after attending to various matters of business connected with the winding-up of the estate, Farquhar had retired to his farm to rest and think over the future. Besides his will, under which he had left all his property—worth some twenty-one thousand pounds—to his son, the Captain had left behind a letter, in which he begged him, after his own rapidly-approaching death, to visit England and renew acquaintance with his family connections, and, if possible, take to himself a wife before settling down for life. His means and education would enable him to pass at all events with credit among his richer kith and kin.

After a week's reflection, Farquhar made up his mind to start; and leaving the farm in charge of a trusted friend, he went down to Port Elizabeth, and thence sailed for England.

The young colonist, with plenty of ready-money

in his pocket, and, despite his hunter's life, the manners of a well-bred gentleman, received on his arrival a hearty welcome from his father's connections. During a seven months' stay in England and Scotland, he had managed to enjoy life heartily, and in many ways things had been made exceedingly pleasant for him. But amid a round of gaiety in town and country, Farquhar had frequently asked himself whether this was the life he would care to adopt. His inner consciousness had as often told him that it was not. After the great free solitudes of the African wilderness, he seemed cramped and confined in the cities, and almost as much in the narrow fields and pastures of the old country. The game, too, seemed so small, so over-much preserved and protected. And for the people? Well! Many of the men he had met were real good fellows, many of the women very charming. But on the whole he had found society and its pleasures very empty, very unsatisfying, often very irksome. He sighed for the old life—the lonely trek, the noble game, the glorious scenery, the merry Hottentots, the keen little Bushmen spoorers, the big Kaffirs, the white wagon-tilt, the long span of sturdy oxen, and the cheery camp-fire.

And so, early in 1866, Farquhar Murray had come back to the Cape, and had made arrangements for a big hunting trip of at least a year's duration. First, he had continued the arrangement with the friend who was farming his land for him; then he had to set about getting another friend to accompany him. In this, after more than a month's waiting, he had failed. His retinue was formed thus: First, an old and tried Hottentot driver and hunter, Andries Veddman by name; second, a Bushman spoorer and after-rider named Aramap. This man had several times accompanied him in previous trips, and was invaluable in the hunting-field; third, Inyami, a tall Kaffir youth, who could act as leader to the oxen, drive on occasion, look after the horses, and do odd work. A fourth servant, a Damara—facetiously christened by the yellow Andries, from his dark skin, 'Witbooi'—was also engaged. This man, recommended by the missionary at Schmelen's Hope, was a strong, active native, and a good hunter; and, moreover, from his knowledge of the country so far as Ondonga, in Ovampoland, was specially useful as a guide. But Witbooi, like many of his race, was of a violent and sullen temper, and for some time all Farquhar's diplomacy had to be exerted to maintain peace among his followers.

At length the trek began; and after undergoing a long trying journey of five months through alternately torrid deserts, broken and difficult mountain country, impenetrable thornveldt, and almost every conceivable hindrance that African natives can place in the way of the traveller, the expedition at length had reached the magnificent plateau on which we find them.

Having finished a hearty breakfast, the Englishman proceeded to light his pipe; and then, arming himself with a binocular glass and some cartridges, and taking up his Snider rifle, he gave directions for the care of the camp. Taking with him Aramap the Bushman, he started for a high 'kopje' that rose from the edge of the plain. A walk of twenty minutes, and a climb

of another twenty, landed the twain on the hill-top. From this eminence a far-reaching view could be obtained. Settling himself on a rock and adjusting his glasses, the white man swept carefully and deliberately every visible square mile of terrain that lay before him. The atmosphere was clear and translucent, and the area of vision proportionately great. Apparently, the search was satisfactory, for, as he shut up his glasses in their case with a smile of pleasure, Farquhar said to the Bushman, speaking in Cape Dutch: 'Aramap, this country swarms with game. I should say there are no native kraals anywhere near, for the veldt looks quite undisturbed. I can see elephants, giraffes, quaggas, and any quantity of blue wilde-beest, elands, and other buck. When we get down below, we'll saddle up and have a hunt.'

The Bushman's Chinese-like face lighted up with keenest pleasure as he replied: 'All right, sieur; I am ready for you.—What will you hunt? Oliphant, kameel [giraffe], or eland?'

'Well, Aramap, as the elephants are most easily scared from the veldt, and as at present we don't know how far this plain runs, I think we'll have a shy at them first.—Do you see yon clump of trees?'—pointing straight to the front.—'I saw several elephants feeding round it, and I think probably there is a biggish troop. We'll get to camp. Take the horses and dogs, and ride with Andries, skirting along by the river in the shelter of the trees and bush. The wind will be right, too, for that side.'

The two men uprose and got quickly back to the wagon. Here the horses were saddled up; and each man took a heavy smooth-bore gun, carrying spherical bullets eight to the pound. Then the dogs were unloosed, and the camp left in charge of Inyami and Witbooi. It took the three riders nearly two hours before reaching the vicinity of the mighty game they sought. In a few minutes, great dusky forms could be seen traversing the half-lighted glades. Instantly the hunters call upon their horses with knee and spur and dash forwards. The elephants, fourteen in number, including four magnificent old bulls, carrying long white tusks, even now show scant sign of fear at the unwonted apparition. When within thirty paces, the hunters pull up short and, each singling a bull, fire. A scene of indescribable uproar follows the two thundering reports. Trumpeting loudly, the troop plunges headlong into the forest, all but the two stricken bulls. One of these—Farquhar's—half totters at the smashing shock of the heavy bullet, pulls himself together, and then turning sharply round, bolts to the left. He is closely followed; and, after half-a-mile chase, stands again. This time, Farquhar dismounts behind a big tree; and at forty paces another bullet, planted well behind the shoulder, settles his doom: the great creature sways to and fro, and suddenly crashes to earth, and, deeply ploughing up the soil with his tusks in his descent, lies prone and lifeless.

The main body of the herd being now in full retreat and far distant, a truce is called. All three having reassembled, the master speaks: 'Aramap, do you ride back to the camp, and bring Witbooi and the axes, and get to work at once.—Tell Inyami that I shall probably bring

in an eland in two or three hours' time. I am going to have a canter across the open veldt yonder, to see what lies in front; and if there are any kraals about. It's strange, but I see no signs of natives at all hereabouts; and yet it is a magnificent country this, and full of game.'

As the Bushman cantered off for the wagon, taking with him the dogs, which were no longer required, the Englishman rode off alone.

That evening, after supper, Farquhar says to his men: 'Well, I suppose after such sport, you feel entitled to a "souple" of grog, eh?'

The eyes of all four natives gleam, and their teeth glisten with delight, and Andries, as spokesman replies: 'Ja, sieur; we are ready for a four-finger allowance.'

Then pipes are lighted, a dram of 'square-face' (hollands) is served out to each man, and the evening closes with native stories, alternately grotesque and terrible.

The Englishman lies at his own fire, a little apart; but he cannot suppress his smiles as he listens to the chief story-teller, Andries the Hottentot, whose yarns principally run on absurd folklore in which the jackal figures largely. The jackal with the Hottentots, indeed, occupies the same important place as Brer fox amongst the negroes of North America. At nine o'clock Farquhar turns in, leaving his men still yarning and convulsed with laughter.

In the high plateau regions they had attained, next morning rose bright and clear, and the heat came tempered by a sweet fresh breeze. Some time was spent in preparing the camp for an outspan of several days, and it was nine o'clock before Farquhar started away for a stroll. Telling his men that he should take his rifle and explore the country for a mile or two on foot, and see what game was in the neighbourhood, he walked away, keeping still by the river they had so long followed, and which now grew perceptibly smaller.

Having advanced a mile or two into the forest, Farquhar sat down upon a fallen tree and filled his pipe. In front of him was an open space of grass, and beyond it trees again growing thickly. Just for an instant, as he stooped to pick up the tinder-box he had dropped, his eyes fell upon the ground. When he looked up again they lighted upon an apparition so unforeseen, so striking, so utterly unlooked for, that he started to his feet. The thing he saw was this: twenty yards away from him on the right of the glade, just emerging from the shelter of the trees, and, like himself, riveted with amazement, there stood a white girl, very fair to behold, as Farquhar's eyes instantly informed him, armed with bow and arrow, and singularly clad. Now, Farquhar Murray was a polite man, and although it may seem a strange and funny thing to do in a remote forest in the heart of Africa, he advanced and took off his broad-brimmed hat with as grave an air as if he were accosting a fashionable lady in Hyde Park. The girl, however, quite guiltless of the stereotyped smile and nod of fashion, frankly advanced to meet the white man, and as she advanced, her red lips opened, and said in good Cape Dutch: 'Alleemagtig! Mynheer, where have you come from?' The Boer language and the familiar exclamation 'Alleemagtig!' striking upon his ear in a silvery tone, added yet

more to the Englishman's astonishment. As the girl spoke Dutch, he could not civilly accost her in English, so Farquhar replied: 'Good-morning, miss. How do you come to be in these parts? Are your friends elephant-hunting so far up-country?' For the only possible solution of the beautiful problem before him was, that this girl belonged to some Transvaal hunters who had penetrated far beyond their usual veldt.

'No, Mynheer; my home is not far from here, and I came out on my pony Springhaan this morning to shoot a Bush buck; and leaving him behind a little way, came through the wood alone.—But who are you, and whence do you come?'

'I am an Englishman,' said Farquhar, 'or rather a Scotchman, and I have come up from the Cape Colony hunting.'

'But you are surely not one of those English I have read of in my history-book, those men who fought so with us, and used our Van Tromp so ill? And you have really come from that wonderful Cape-land? I have so often heard my father and great-uncle Carel speak of it; and the great town at Table Bay, where hundreds of men live together, and the big ships come in from the sea. Is it all true, and have you seen these wonderful sights?'—Then, clapping her hands: 'But oh! this is too beautiful, too wonderful. You must come and see my father at once. My pony is close at hand; come!' She ran lightly as a fawn into the forest thirty yards away, where her pony stood with his reins thrown over his head in front of him, just in the old Cape-hunting way that Farquhar knew so well. Then she advanced again with Springhaan, a shapely little roan, to her new-found friend. The pony stared very hard at the new face; he couldn't quite make it all out.

Farquhar spoke again: 'I think, if you don't mind, and will ride with me a mile or so back to my camp, I will get my horse, and then go with you.'

'Nay! Of course I will come,' returned the girl. 'It will be delicious to see your camp. Have you a wagon like great-great-grandfather Hendrik's old wagon, which we still have, though it is too old and rotten now to use?—But, Mynheer, do you know, I have never given you all this while a kiss. I always kiss Cousin Dirk and Cousin Hendrik and Piet and the rest of them, when they have been away for a long hunt or at war; and I am sure I ought to have kissed you too.' The girl lifted her soft brown cheeks and her red lips up to Farquhar, put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him on each side of the face. He bore it well and gravely; but he was puzzled, and she saw it.

'Won't you kiss me too?' she said.

'Of course I will,' said Farquhar, smiling. His head went down under the girl's sun-bonnet; he felt the soft strands of the straying hair gently brush his face, and kissed the smooth fair cheeks with a curious and yet an intensely pleasurable sensation in his heart. It was the oddest experience the young man had ever had.

This matter over, the girl lightly sprang into her saddle, and at once proceeded with him towards his camp. While this scene was enacting, a black-and-white raven had sat grimly

watching from a tree above. It is quite certain he had never before seen an Englishman and a young Dutch maiden kiss in this part of Africa, and he straightway flew off croaking harshly, to tell his friends and the world generally what awful goings-on there now were in these once decorous regions.

(To be continued.)

PIPE GOSSIP.

It is a curious fact that the use of narcotics should prevail all over the world. Amongst those largely used, tobacco is a prime favourite, and is mostly indulged in through the medium of smoking. Since the days of Raleigh, pipe manufacturers have greatly improved on the curious smoking apparatus still preserved as a relic of Sir Walter. The discovery of some small pipes in the mortar of one of our ancient abbeys seems to indicate that the practice of smoking some native herb was customary prior to the introduction of tobacco from America.

Some of the first pipes used in Elizabeth's time consisted of walnut shells furnished with stems of strong straw. Pipes of iron, silver, clay, and wood, succeeded—till we come to the meerschaum. The white earthen porous pipe ranks first, as the best absorber of nicotine, just as the metallic pipe comes last for opposite reasons. The meerschaum immediately follows the clay pipe, but, when fully seasoned, it is no better than a wooden pipe.

A shoemaker in Hungary, who was ingenious in carving, has the honour of having carved the first pipe from a piece of meerschaum which had been presented to him as a curiosity. Its porous nature struck the shoemaker as being well adapted for absorbing nicotine. That first meerschaum has been preserved in the Museum of Pesth. The ingenious carver found that the shoemaker's wax which in the course of his trade accidentally adhered to the bowl, on being rubbed off, brought out a clear brown polish. He therefore waxed the whole surface, polished the pipe, smoked it, and admired the coloured result. Pipes of this description were at first confined to the richest European noblemen until 1830, when they came more generally into use.

Ruhla, a mountain village in Thuringia, is the centre of the pipe manufacture of Germany, where they turn out over half a million real meerschaums yearly, besides thousands of other pipes of infinite variety, made of wood, lava, clay, porcelain, and vast numbers of imitation meerschaums. The discovery of the art of making false meerschaums from the dust left after carving and boring the real article was a secret for some time. But pipes of this description do not colour so well, for the porous character of the native meerschaum is partly lost in the process. There are five qualities of meerschaum used in making pipes. The best is known by its facile absorption of the nicotine, which gradually develops into a rich brown blush upon the surface. The absorption of the essential oils of tobacco purifies the smoke, and the harmful qualities of tobacco decrease as its flavour improves.

To touch on the subject of pipe-colouring, smokers may be reminded that as so many meerschaums are not genuine, they may often offer up their incense to the goddess Nicotina in vain. As

a rule, a new bowl should not be smoked to the bottom, nor, when it is warm, touched by the hand, nor yet the colouring produced too rapidly. It is said that two clever French chemists have invented a royal road to the colouring of a meerschäum. By the application of ether and alcohol, combined with an essence, such as that of rose, in which ten per cent. of camphor and the same proportion of borate of soda are dissolved, they have succeeded in endowing cigar-holders and pipe-bowls with the property of rapidly assuming that yellowish-brown tint of maturity so dear to the lovers of the weed.

For mouthpieces the Turks were the first to adopt amber. As all pipe-fanciers know, the clear amber is the least valuable, and the clouded the greatest favourite, the best of all being that of the opaque yellow colour. This material was used by the Turks for mouthpieces in the belief that it would convey no infectious disease. This belief could hardly have been shared by the American humorist, when he discovered the 'taste of generations' on the mouthpiece of the Eastern pipe, which is one of the attendant luxuries of the hot bath.

The pipes of a Turkish dignitary are magnificent according to the rank of his visitors. A pasha possessed a collection of pipes said to be worth thirty thousand pounds sterling, many of them being ornamented with diamonds. Some Eastern pipes have tassels of diamonds depending from them, besides rings of the same precious stones round the amber mouthpieces. The pipe which the Shah of Persia smokes in public is encrusted with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds of great value.

Lord Byron in his Eastern travels became a great pipe-fancier; and Disraeli when in Cairo proved himself an accomplished smoker. He possessed a great variety of pipes, from hookahs to dhudeens. He christened some of his pipes in a magniloquent fashion. One he called Bosphorus, and another Sultan. The stems of some of them were many feet long, made of wood covered with fluted silk. It is considered the cherry-tree and jasmine make the best pipe stems; the longer and straighter the stem the greater is the value. The bowls of such pipes are usually of red clay, and ornamented.

The marghilé is said to be a favourite with Syrian ladies, who inhale the smoke through a globular glass vessel filled with scented water. In Egypt, too, these kind of pipes are more in fashion than the chibouque. Splendid pipes with their attendant ceremonies of filling, cleaning, and presenting by special servants, form one of the most ostentatious of oriental extravagance.

The influence of European habits is, we believe, causing the hookah, with all its pomp and display, to disappear in India. The pipes used in Morocco are very fanciful and profusely decorated. The Celestials' pipes have long delicate tubes with tiny bowls. Opium is smoked from pipes having a sort of bowl in the centre, instead of at the end of the stem. A slender bamboo, with a hole bored near the closed end of a joint, forms a handy smoking arrangement for a Chinaman of the poor classes; but his richer neighbours use a handsome little water-pipe made of brass or silver. The bowl is filled with a little pinch of tobacco which only provides one or two

whiffs, so, of course, this pipe has to be refilled again and again. This is scarcely the sort of smoke that could be indulged in during work.

Nor is the German pipe much better in this respect, for its long gaudily-pictured china bowl requires to be supported by the hand like a long clay. As these large bowls hold many ounces of tobacco, they suggested an idea to a coffee-house keeper of Vienna, of attracting customers. He had a china pipe bowl suspended over a large circular table, of such gigantic dimensions as to be capable of containing a pound of tobacco, and supplied with a sufficient number of tubes to accommodate thirty persons at one time. The novelty is said to have succeeded, and the coffee-house was constantly crowded.

In spite of all rivals, clay pipes have held their own. They have been manufactured in great numbers by the Dutch, who were very jealous of rivalry. They once took a curious method to ruin a manufactory of pipes which had been set up in Flanders. As the high duty rendered a large importation too expensive, they loaded a large ship with pipes, and purposely wrecked her near Ostend. The pipes were landed from the wreck, in accordance with the maritime laws of that city, and sold at such low prices as defied competition; consequently, the new manufactory was ruined.

Some Swiss pipes are formed of many pieces, ornamented with carvings, and the bowls protected from rough weather with metal caps.

To turn to a consideration of the pipes of less civilised races, the famous calumet, with its feather and quill ornamentation, first claims our attention. This, as Catlin tells us, was a sacred pipe, differing in appearance and uses from all others. It is public property; and always kept in the possession of the chief, and only used on particular occasions. In the centre of the circle of warriors the Pipe of Peace rests on two little notches, charged with tobacco, when each chief and warrior draws in turn one whiff of smoke through the sacred stem, which is the equivalent to the signing of a treaty.

In the country of the Sioux is the pipe stone quarry from which the Indians take their pipe bowls, under the belief that they themselves were made from this red stone, and it must be used for no other purpose. The Redskin also smokes through his tomahawk handle, and his dusky African brother takes a whiff through pipes of iron. The rough pipes of the Zulus are often lined with this material. The Kaffir is a great lover of the weed, and will improvise a pipe out of almost anything.

It is curious to mark the repeated attempts there have been to invent a pipe that will keep tobacco juice out of the smoker's mouth. Numerous have been the patents all claiming to have attained this end, but all seem more or less failures. They are too numerous to describe, but are usually rather complicated contrivances that come to pieces; but none succeed in superseding the simple old-fashioned pipe.

Thus we see that all over the world from pipes of every description, to say nothing of cigars and cigarettes, do lovers of tobacco offer up—like Byron's sailor—to Æolus a constant sacrifice. We Britons are partial to the briar and clay. Carlyle, Kingsley, and Tennyson preferred the

'churchwarden.' The German likes his huge china bowl, the Celestial his minute one; the Hindu his hubble-bubble, and the Turk his hookah.

'Alas,' said Hood, 'that our language has no sound that can adequately represent the lulling, bubbling voice of a hookah. Perchance in some more soft tongue, in the liquid language of some fair isle far away in the Pacific, that low cooing utterance may be the most beautiful and endearing utterance possible, the very perfection of love whispers. Sad that English can only represent it by *Purra wurra—pobble bobble—bob—* Ah! me, my pipe is out—type of Life—vapour, smoke. We have come to the bottom of the bowl—ashes to ashes.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE annual meeting of the British Association is an event which all scientifically-inclined persons look forward to with expectation and interest, for this meeting invariably brings forward new facts, and leaves the world somewhat richer in knowledge than it was before. The papers read before the meeting serve the purpose of an annual summary of what has been done by many active brains in different fields of work, and there are very few who cannot find among them something which will interest them. Among the papers read must be specially noticed that on 'Mimicry,' by Mr Poulton, and that on 'Quartz Fibres,' by Professor Boys. It would be quite impossible, in the space at our command, to give a fair account of these interesting discourses, and we must refer our readers to the papers themselves.

Among the minor reports and papers read, there are also several which at once claim attention, for they give trustworthy information about inventions and discoveries of current interest. As an example, we may point to Professor Lupton's paper on the 'Pneumatic distribution of Power'—which may be otherwise described as the distribution and utilisation of compressed air. The professor had the advantage of being able to speak from the experience gained at Birmingham, where the system has been in use for some little time, and it clearly has a wide future before it. He told his hearers that the power was applicable to the heavy work of a mill-course, or ironworks, and the light work of the tailor, shoemaker, printer, hairdresser, &c.—that it would drive electric lighting machinery, and had hosts of other applications. In Birmingham the compressed air is distributed by pipes from a central station into the houses of the consumers, who pay by meter record, as in the case of gas-supply. The engines belonging to the consumers, which are worked in this way, that is, by air instead of steam, vary in size from one-half horse-power to fifty horse-power. Friction through travelling by pipes is practically *nil*, although some of the customers are at a distance of nearly two miles from the compressing station, and the indicated horse-power at some of the houses thus served is as much as seventy-three per cent. of the indicated horse-power at that station. Among the contemplated applications of this compressed-air system is the working of tram lines.

'The Effect of Electric Currents on the Human Body,' was the title of another paper read before the Association, which is of peculiar interest, on account of the many cases of sudden death by accidental contact with 'live' wires which have occurred, especially in America, and the terrible details reported of the recent execution by electricity in New York. The authors of this paper endeavour to show that the human body can with impunity, and without discomfort, bear a current of certain strength if it flow—like the current from a battery—in one direction. But if the current be an alternating one, and change its direction many times in a second, although it may be of the same strength, the subject becomes fixed by violent muscular contraction, and suffers great pain. Thus the danger from alternating currents is immensely greater than from continuous currents of equal strength.

Mr Thomson's discourse on the unburned gases which escape from gas-stoves and other burners, was the paper of greatest domestic interest. His experiments showed that most contrivances for using gas are extremely wasteful in only securing partial combustion, and as is often the case, the after discussion elicited much valuable information not contained in the paper itself. The President showed by the account of an accident which nearly proved fatal to himself—how a minute quantity of carbonic oxide in the atmosphere of a room was dangerous to human life. Dr Jacob also showed that the amount of combustion which took place in an ordinary gas flame, greatly depended upon the pressure at which the gas was supplied. On the authority of one of the largest manufacturers of burners, he stated that, 'generally speaking, people who paid ten pound gas bills only got five pounds-worth of light.' He advocated the appointment of a Committee of the Association to deal with the entire question.

Perhaps the palm for originality of subject should be awarded to Mr Green's paper on 'A new Method of Photographic Dyeing and Printing.' This new method involves the employment of a substance called 'Primuline,' which like many another dye is obtained from coal-tar. It has found very extensive employment in cotton dyeing, and the colours produced from it within the fibre are called 'ingrain colours.' This substance is found to be extremely sensitive to light—as sensitive, it is believed, as the chloride of silver, with which ordinary photographic printing on albumenised paper is brought about. The impressions are permanent, and can be varied in colour by after development with different agents. The ultimate value of this discovery remains to be proved; but it is expected that the new method of printing will be much used by architects and engineers for the reproduction of drawings and plans, and that it will perhaps supersede the ferro-prussiate, or blue process, at present employed for those purposes.

There is a widespread belief that the presence of growing plants and cut flowers in rooms is in some way prejudicial to those who sleep therein. This belief is probably due to the fact, learned at school, that plants give off at night carbonic acid, and the knowledge that this gas is irrespirable. A writer in *Amateur Gardening* has recently published the results of some experi-

ments made in a closed greenhouse, showing how fanciful are these fears. In this greenhouse there were six thousand growing plants, and the average of three experiments made early on three different mornings after the place had been closed for more than twelve hours, exhibited only 4.03 parts of carbonic acid per 10,000. We can judge by this experiment that from one or two plants the quantity of gas given off must be far too small for recognition, and certainly many hundred times less than that formed by a burning taper, or given off by one pair of lungs.

The art of pastel-painting—working in coloured crayons—which has been recently revived in this country, seems to have taken firm root. Exhibitions of works produced by this beautiful form of art continue to increase, and many artists are directing their attention to it. It is certainly capable of rendering with great fidelity effects of atmosphere which are difficult of attainment in either water or oil colours, and it has the merit of permanency, if ordinary care be taken in the selection of the colours employed.

A curious revolution in railway management has recently taken place in Hungary, where the railways are under government control. These railways, until recently, were not patronised as they should have been; and instead of each member of the population making fifteen journeys a year, as is the case in Britain, the Hungarians only made one. The authorities thereupon determined to inaugurate a new system by which the people should be tempted to become more constant travellers, and this they brought about by an entire revision of the passenger fares. For this purpose the country is divided into zones, having Buda-Pesth for their centre, each zone, up to the thirteenth, varying between nine and fifteen miles in breadth. The fourteenth zone includes all the rest of the country. The scale of fares is tenpence, eightpence, and fivepence per zone for the three classes respectively, so that a fare from one place to another is easily calculated when it is known how many zones must be crossed in the journey. But the most remarkable feature of the system is in the case of long distances beyond the thirteenth zone. Thus, the fourteenth zone begins at a place one hundred and forty-one miles from Buda-Pesth, and the fare to that point is precisely the same as that chargeable for going more than three hundred miles farther to the country's boundary line. This change of system has given satisfaction all round, and has at once caused an immense rise in the receipts from passengers.

Although the great metropolis called London has had many detractors, who are never tired of telling of its smoke, its fogs, and its consequent dirt, no one with an artist's eye can fail to have remarked its many beauties. Many of its streets, although narrow, are most picturesque; and its river views, especially when bathed in the glow of evening sunshine, are remarkably beautiful. Among the most noble aspects in the city is that of St Paul's Cathedral as seen from Fleet Street; but like other views this has been marred of late years by a railway bridge, and by telegraph wires which cross and recross the road at every angle. It has been remarked too, more recently, that a custom is springing up of erecting on the tops of the houses huge aerial advertisements.

One of these recently appeared close by the dome of the Cathedral, but we are glad to record that its owner listened to the many expostulations which the hideous thing evoked, and has had the good sense to remove it. It is quite clear that if these aerial signs once become common, a law will have to be passed to deal with the question. Citizens have no right to advertise their wares at the expense of the appearance of the streets where their business premises are situated.

It is a matter of common knowledge that milk is quickly soured when thunder is about, but hitherto no satisfactory reason has been given why this should be the case. An Italian scientist has been experimenting with an electric machine in order to see whether the change could not be induced artificially, when he found to his surprise that when an electric current was passed directly through the liquid, it actually delayed acidulation for several days. He found, however, on the other hand, that if the terminals from a Holtz machine were discharged above the surface of the milk, it soon became sour, and that if the discharge was a silent one, the souring became still sooner evident. From this observation he surmised that the action is due to the ozone generated by the discharge, which is always more copious in quantity when the discharge is silent. It is possible that the unlooked-for effect of a direct current acting as a preservative may be a useful hint to milk dealers.

Dr Wilder has made an interesting note relative to prairie dogs. They seem to lack any sense of height or distance, owing it is thought to the nature of their ordinary surroundings—a flat level plain, destitute of pitfalls of any kind. Several dogs experimented with, walked over the edges of tables, chairs, and other pieces of furniture, and seemed to be greatly surprised when their adventure ended in a fall to the ground. One dog fell from a window-sill twenty feet above a granite pavement, but happily soon recovered from the effects of its tumble.

There has lately been a dearth of camphor among the Chinese, who were wont to obtain it from the island of Formosa. The Chinese settlers there have exhausted the trees growing round about their own districts, and have done their best to kill the goose that has laid the golden eggs, by neglecting to plant fresh trees as the old ones failed. So that they have been obliged to go farther and farther into the interior of the island in search of the aromatic gum; and this has brought them into constant conflict with the aborigines. The camphor trade has been a government monopoly, but the scarcity of trees has reduced the amount gathered to about one-quarter of its former amount.

A curious observation made by Dr Tere, an Austrian physician, formed the subject of a paper read some time ago at a meeting of the French Entomological Society. He asserts that a person stung by bees is for a time exempt from the effects of further stinging, and is protected in the same sense that vaccination gives immunity with regard to smallpox. This protection lasts for six months, or less, according to the number of stings received. He also records that persons suffering from acute rheumatism require a large number of bee-stings before they feel much inconvenience from the poison received, but that

after that they are not only inoculated for six months against the effects of further bee-stings, but will also remain free for that period from rheumatic attacks! We fancy that if victims to this painful malady can purchase immunity from its pains at the expense of a few bee-stings, they will be very glad to do so.

A report is published by authority of the French colonial office on the cultivation of the castor-oil plant in Senegal. More than two years ago the governor of the French colony there had his attention drawn to the advantages which would accrue from the cultivation of this plant, which is indigenous there; and by direction of the government, seeds were distributed, and experimental cultivation commenced. Contrary to the expectations of many, who prophesied that the extreme dryness of the climate would be prejudicial to the enterprise, the cultivation has been a very great success, and planters in various parts of Senegal are anxious to take part in it. It may not be generally known that castor-oil has many applications other than its use in medicine. It is one of the best lubricants for machinery. It is used in dyeing, in soap-making, in the manufacture of printing-ink. The Chinese, after boiling the oil with alum and sugar to remove its bitter taste, actually use it as a food. It also enters into the food of others, but possibly without their consent, for it is used in some countries as an addition to exported butter, and is also one of the ingredients in some descriptions of cheese!

The attention of our military authorities is still directed towards the use of balloons in warfare; and they are constantly in experimental employment at the camp at Lydd, near Dover. It is found that a captive balloon is a very difficult thing to hit with a projectile until its height and range are known. The balloons constructed by the War Department are of special manufacture, the details of which are kept secret.

In a paper recently read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Orton, of Ohio, states that there is not the slightest doubt that the supply of natural gas in the Indiana and Ohio fields is being gradually exhausted, and will altogether fail in a few years, unless the legislature steps in to prevent the wanton waste which now goes on. The gas, he says, is stored in the rocks, and is not now being generated, so that the supply is not renewed. The pressure in the wells is constantly diminishing, and the decrease in the supply already amounts to thirty or forty per cent.

The old conjuring trick, known as the inexhaustible bottle, in which several glasses of different kinds of liquids are poured from one bottle, is called to mind by a domestic invention which has recently been patented by Mr W. Smith, of Ayr. This is a tea and coffee pot which, at the will of the holder, will yield either of those beverages. The pot is divided by a central partition with two compartments, one holding tea and the other coffee, and the lower part of the spout is provided inside with a valve, the opening of which can be turned towards the tea compartment or the coffee compartment by means of a knob which projects above the handle outside the apparatus.

According to the *Colliery Guardian*, a new mining industry is about to be established in the Charleroi district of Belgium, where there are rich deposits of lignite. It is the intention to work up this material into briquettes, like the block fuel made from coal dust which is now such a common article of commerce. The upper seams of lignite are found at about five feet from the surface, so that the expense of mining will be little; but the more important seams, which sometimes reach twenty feet in thickness, are at a much lower level.

Jarrah wood forms the subject of an interesting article in the *Kew Bulletin*. This wood, a native of Western Australia and a species of *Eucalyptus*, has several valuable properties which fit it for special uses; but it is so hard that it cannot be easily worked with ordinary tools. Were it not for the fact that ships are now mostly built of steel, Jarrah wood would form a valuable material for their construction, for vessels built of it have, after twenty-five years' service, been found as sound as when launched, although they have not been sheathed with copper. The Kew authorities have been in communication with some of the London vestries, and as a result Jarrah wood is being tried in the London streets for paving purposes.

OUR LILY'S FORGETFULNESS.

'Our Lily's gawn, sir; and I've got a new maid with a ex'lent character, which I do 'ope, sir, she will give more satisfaction.' Thus Mrs Waggit, my landlady, when she brought up my breakfast this morning.

The dismissal of 'our Lily' has inspired a train of thought which owes its source to that maid-of-much-work's peculiarities. Until I was privileged to enjoy her ministrations, I never knew how much and how quickly a human being could forget. When Lily gave her mind to it, as she generally did, the feats of forgetfulness she achieved were nothing short of phenomenal, and yet she was as modest about them as if any other Irish servant-girl could have done the same. When I expressed astonishment at her performances, she would stand and listen open-mouthed, with an air of unassuming vacancy that was quite piquant. I am really almost sorry she has gone.

The things that girl used to leave undone! One morning she would call me and forget the hot water; next morning she would put the jug down on the mat and forget to call me; on the third she would remember both these details, but forget the breakfast; and on her best days she would also omit to light the fire and 'do' my sitting-room. Usually she would clean one boot and bring its fellow up dirty; and I never knew her clean both sides of the table-knives by any accident. Twice a week, on the average, she 'disremembered' my dinner. There was simply no knowing where Lily was going to have you next. It was useless to remind her of a thing; the discharge of her duties depended on the action of a defective mental main-spring, the working of which no extraneous aid could improve.

According to Mrs Waggit, too, she accomplished deeds of neglect down-stairs even more amazing;

and these—added to a regrettable disregard for personal cleanliness with which we have nothing to do—worked our Lily's undoing. I had suffered long; but Mrs Waggit was able to endure with patience discomforts not her own, and until Lily began to work havoc in the sacred precincts of the kitchen, she was allowed to pursue the uneven tenor of her way comparatively free. But when she had forgotten to light the fire down there once or twice; and had omitted to fill the best kettle before putting it on to boil, whereby dire disaster overtook that kettle; and had neglected to 'take in the wash' one night, whereby Mrs Waggit lost three pair of stockings—Mrs Waggit could not stand it any longer and our Lily had to go.

And now that she has left us—forgetting, by the way, to refund the sum of one shilling I requested her to invest in postage stamps—I am tempted to inquire, What compensating advantages do persons like Lily derive from possession of the talent which has cost that young woman her place? There must be some. Nature is too kind a mother to endow any child of hers with a quality wholly afflictive, and methinks Forgetfulness carries its own shield.

Business-like people will shake their heads and say that the gift of forgetting is an unqualified misfortune inimical to success in life. From one point of view they may be right. If success in life mean success in business, and consequent accumulation of wealth, I won't dispute it. But wealth does not absolutely ensure happiness, which, I take it, is the chief object to be attained in this struggling world.

Take Lily's case, for instance. I don't think she could have been very happy here; Mrs Waggit has vituperative gifts of ten London-landlady power; and the other lodgers, who did not see in Lily the interesting psychological study I did, poured out the overflowing vials of their wrath with relentless liberality. She was always in some scrape or other, and more than once Mrs Waggit docked her wages for domestic crimes. She lived in a state of chronic woe and melancholy anticipation. No; I am sure she couldn't have enjoyed it. She went away last night, and took the train to her own home, somewhere in the country: that was twenty-four hours ago. Now, if I have rightly gauged this handmaiden's character, the excitement and bustle attendant on a railway journey have acted upon her elementary memory just as a wet sponge does on a slate. If her present surroundings are comfortable, her enjoyment of them is unmarred by thoughts of her troubles here. Her mind is blank regarding the details of her term of service with Mrs Waggit. Clean wiped out are all the scoldings and abuse; gone, as though fumes were not, is the fact that those stockings and that kettle have cost her seventeen and sixpence. Forgotten, too, is her indebtedness to me, for I will stake any reasonable sum that she will spend that shilling without a prick of conscience, honestly believing it to be her own.

This being so, don't tell me that Forgetfulness has nothing to recommend it. No one who knew our Lily would be rash enough to suppose that her dismissal for 'outrijis carelissniss' (I quote Mrs Waggit) will be a warning to her; if it were remotely possible, her present condition of un-

scolded bliss would certainly be regrettable for her own sake. But since I know very well that her sad experiences can teach her nothing, common charity bids me rejoice that they should now be as though they had never been. I do not want this talent of Forgetfulness in such completeness for myself; that, to say the least of it, would be inconvenient; but I wish I could command oblivion as a dog commands sleep. I should be so much happier in every-day life. There's that bill I owe my tailor, for instance; if it were the result of foolish extravagance, I shouldn't mention it here; but it isn't; it was absolutely necessary that I should get that new suit, for I could not have lived through the winter without it. I can't pay the bill when it comes in, small as it is. I hate nothing so much as being in debt, and the thought of owing money hangs over me every hour of the day and haunts my dreams at night. When it does come in, I shall stick it up on the mantel-piece, so as to get used to the sight of it, and it will make my life a burden to me; I know it will. The tailor will be unhappy about it, too, I daresay; but I don't sympathise much with him, because I suspect he is used to waiting; besides, he knows quite well that I shall pay him some day, so he will send it in cheerfully once a quarter without failing to charge interest. Oh, I don't mind *his* feelings a bit. It's my own that worry me. If I had Lily's talent for forgetting, now, I should put that account away as soon as I get it, and never think of it again until one of those high spring-tides, so rare in my stream of literary effort, occurs. Then I should recollect it: 'Why, bless my heart! there's So-and-so's bill. I'll walk up to New Burlington Street and pay it this morning.' And then I should go out with the bill in one pocket and the cash in another, able to hold up my head like an honest man. I should stride past the crossing-sweepers, and chuck them the pennies I can't afford now, without thinking that every man of them says to himself as I pass: 'Yah! there goes a feller who can't pay his tailor,' as they seem to do at present. Yes, I should like to forget at will.

And worse than that are the hundred-and-one—I don't know why one should speak of an indefinite quantity with such misleading pretence of exactness; but it's customary—the hundred-and-one applications I have made for employment in the last few years. All unsuccessful. I can tell them all off on my fingers—going over both hands several times—without missing out one, I remember the details of each so well. Why must I be able to do this? Each one gives me a pang when I think of it, and in the magnitude of their collective strength they only dishearten me when I make another bid. How much better and pleasanter it would be could I 'sink them in Lethe's tide,' and begin afresh. Why, when I 'venture to tender the offer of my services in answer to your advertisement,' should all those previous 'tenders' roll up in a crushing heap to remind me that in all fatal likelihood this one will only add another atom to its size, like a snowball? It does me no good, nor anybody else. The memory of these innumerable failures only makes me bitter and cynical, as you see, and I used to be rather a nice fellow, I believe.

And surely it were better that we should forget

misfortunes for which ourselves may have been to blame, but from which our stubborn human nature will learn no lesson. For how many of us profit by our mistakes? I have made blunders enough, yet I make new ones every day. I look back and see them dotting the track behind me, tossing and glinting upon the waters, that will not, cannot swallow them up; and something whispers: 'Their buoyancy is given them that they may guide.' I wish they could; but since they cannot, I would that they might sink beyond my sight.

A CHINESE ALLIGATOR.

THE Zoological Gardens recently acquired two specimens of an Alligator from the Yang-tse-Kiang, which are the first living specimens that have ever reached this country. Most people know that alligators are characteristically American animals; indeed, the very name alligator, which is a corruption of the Spanish word signifying 'a lizard,' suggests their natural habitat. It was only in the year 1879 that the existence of an alligator in China was definitely made known. Western zoologists were in this matter far behind their Chinese brethren, for some of the earliest native works contained records of the presence of these animals; and there are even illustrations which, although decidedly imaginative in detail, portray with considerable accuracy an animal evidently of the crocodile kind. It is variously termed 'a dragon,' a 'fish,' and even a 'tortoise,' and is credited with some remarkable peculiarities. One of these peculiarities will, it is to be hoped, turn out to have been correctly noticed. The *N'go* or *To* is said to reach an extremely green old age, and it has furnished an expression in common use comparable to 'Methuselah' with us. The Zoological Society so often expends considerable sums of money upon an animal which dies as soon as it has arrived, that the chance of a rarity surviving for a moderately long period in captivity is gratifying. The longevity of this reptile, however, is due, according to the Chinese authorities, to its capacity for existing when deprived of its head and other organs which we are inclined to regard as essential, so that we must not indulge in too sanguine expectations.

The chief use of the *N'go* among the Chinese, not only in olden times, but to-day, is in medicine. But, as you must first catch your alligator before converting him into drugs, elaborate methods of chase are given in some of these old books. A work entitled the 'Pen Tsao,' ignoring the question of how to catch the alligator, suggests a quaint recipe for killing it: 'Pour boiling water down its throat; after a certain time it will die; then you can peel off the skin.' The Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, wrote about these alligators; but his information was apparently set down from hearsay only. He, too, recommends the use of the body in medicine; the gall, he says, is an excellent remedy for the bite of a mad dog. But its use is not confined to this disease, for there is hardly a complaint to which Chinese flesh is heir that it will not cure. This reminds us of certain pills and draughts whose names will occur to every one, which are said to perform a like

function in the nineteenth century. Not only is this alligator useful when dead, but it has its uses when alive: its bellowing foretells rain; and perhaps there is some truth in that statement.

Another old traveller, Martini, relates a curious use to which these reptiles were put. In a certain part of China was a lake in which were kept herds of alligators. When his crime could not be definitely brought home to a supposed criminal, the unfortunate individual was thrown into the lake, in order that the reptiles might decide his guilt or innocence. If innocent, he was let alone; but if guilty, devoured. This test savours somewhat of the ordeal by water for witchcraft; in both cases the results must have been somewhat uniform.

It is surprising that the discovery of a true alligator in China was made so recently, considering the laborious researches into the natural history of that country carried out by the late Consul Swinhoe and by Père David and his associates. But it is not really so surprising as might at first appear that the reptile occurs there. Alligators and crocodiles have great powers of swimming, and can exist for a long period without food. Within the last few days, a crocodile, which must have swum for some hundreds of miles, was recorded as having been seen at the Cocos Islands.

A somewhat longer swim would land an adventurous alligator at the mouth of the Yang-tse river within a reasonably short period after leaving his ancestral home in America. But there is no need to postulate even this feat of endurance, for there is a natural bridge, now incomplete, which once must have connected the American and Asiatic continents. By this route, in earlier times, when the climate was warmer, alligators may have migrated and permanently settled in North China, where they are now met with, though nowhere else in the Old World.

THULE.

BELOVED Thule, I am thine!

Thy home is on the northern deep,

Embosomed there, thou art so fair,

The summer day is robbed of sleep,

And love-lorn night, a lonely star,

Can but behold thee from afar.

Can but behold thee from afar,

And whisper: 'Heart, oh heart, be still,'

For jealous day will not away,

But lingers on from hill to hill,

And oh, the light on land and sea,

A dream, a deathless memory.

A dream, a deathless memory,

That gathers glory more and more,

Where headlands rise to cloudless skies,

With ceaseless song of sea and shore;

Beloved Thule, I am thine!

And thou, first love, and last, art mine.

L. J. NICOLSON.

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